

a Real Man - Tommy Guther.
Robert Montgomery

Men are of two kinds and he.
Was the kind I'd like to be -
Some preach there Virtue and a few.
Express their lives by what they do -
That sort was he. No flowery phrase -
"Won friends for him. He wasn't Cheap."
or shallow. But his course ran deep -
And it was pure, you know the kind.
Not many in a life you find.
Whose deeds out do. Their words so far -
That more than what they seem they are -
There are two kinds of lies, as well.
The kind you live, and the kind you tell.
Back through his years, from age to youth -
He never acted one untruth -
Out in the open light he fought -
and didn't care what others thought -
Nor what they said about his fight.
If he believed that he was right.
The only deed that he ever hid -
was a fight with a man who was a friend.

(What speech he had, was plain and blunt.

His was an unattractive front.

Yet children loved him. Babe and boy.

Played with the strength he could employ.

Without one fear, and they are fleet.

(To since unjustic and deist.

No back door gossip, linked his name.

With any shady tale of shame.

He did not have to compromise.

With evil doers. Shrewd and wise,

And let them play their vicious trade.

Because of some past escapade.

Men are of two kinds and he.

(Was the kind I'd like to be.

No door at which he ever knocked.

Against his manly form was locked.

If ever man on earth was free.

And independent it was he.

(No broken pledge, lost him respect.

He met all men with head erect.

My Father was both Dad & Mom. to a group of 9 children. ranging from age 18 months to 18 yrs. He never married after Mother left, feeling he may break up the family if he did so. I think his love for my Mother would never let him even think of marrying again.

He carried his cross with a smile - and that that being pleasant & kind would do more for all than to moan over his lot.

His standard of living was high. 3 of his 'must's' I shall always remember.

1. If you cant say any thing good about a person. Never say any thing. ^{This was carried out in the home.}
2. In Choosing friends. Find some one better than you self. If you cant. ^{think} find some one as good. But never anyone below your standard in life. And never let any one drag you down to their ^{level}.

3. Experience is some times costly. But is the best teacher ever.

My Dad was Very proud. fine looking. truthful. His word as good as a bond. He stood on his own feet. Never expecting some thing for nothing - was a loyal friend - and ~~this was his~~ ^{to his way of} life.

He

Could always see some thing pleasant
no matter how dark the picture looked..
Kept his pockets full of candy for any
child he may meet (Er. Anderson said) he
was one of the first to be called to go help
in sickness & death. Was a fine musician
played ^{violin} ^{guitar} ^{and} ^{other} ^{instruments} for dances. ^{et.} John Harvey, Pres. Murdoch
Uncle Sam on funny programs. Could
write poems of all types.

So too.

Choose this ^{Poem} as it is characteristic of my Father's ^{life}
Also in that I started my history with an old ad.

and when he passed, I think there went.
a soul to yonder firmament.
So white so splendid and so fine.
It came almost to God's design.

By late Nov. Robert was bed fast. The lung infection from the coal mines was increased. The brave spirit could no longer hold out. He died Jan. 10. 1863, was 38 years old. Mary 33 yrs old. Snow drifts covered fences and the road to Cemetery had to be cleared. They made a sleigh of logs, tied the Casket to the logs and was drawn by a team of Oxen.

No one knew of her heart ache and care of 7 children to feed. Still they were glad to be in Zion.

Joseph Snoutton and Wm Clegg dug Robert's grave. Speakers were, Robert Blake Sr. John M. Murdoch and Joseph Rasband Sr.

Mary worked in the fields, with hand shearers, she sheered sheep to get money, Agnes married John Turner. Robert Jr and Live, hauled wood to Salt Lake for fuel, would take any thing in turn for it. One load they got ^{some} women's hats which Mary sold. One load of wood they got a lot of Chamber's pots ^{which} they didn't want so broke all of them on the way home but what they could use in their own home. They had great fun over this.

Mary remarried to James Booth. They had one girl named Josephine. This was not a happy marriage so they separated. She remained single for a long time, when a well educated man from England by the name of John Horrocks, ^{came so they} were married in 1867. They had one son John, who is known as John Montgomery. He never would own the name of Horrocks and was given the name of Montgomery by the Court. Mary found out later he had a wife in England and wouldn't stay with him for she didn't believe in Polygamy. He taught school but was a mean tempered man also mean to Mary's family.

Mary was a neat and very clean woman. Did lovely needle work, made a lace christening dress for Agnes to have all her children blessed in. She had a very good singing voice. Worked actively in the Church, serving in the Relief Society, Sunday school and Primary which was called then, Religion classes. Was the first S. School teacher in Heber. She died July 21. 1904 of a heart attack. Buried by her beloved Robert in Heber Cemetery.

over

~~met me again.~~

R. M. P.

copy of a letter that Robert Montgomery Sr. wrote to his
wife Mary while waiting for the ship to sail from England to America
April 22. 1860

Dearest Mary,

We are lying in the river, I don't know when we will sail
as the wind is ahead. But as soon as possible we will go.
Signed Robt. Montgomery

next portion dated April 23. 2 O'clock.

Dear Mary. Keep up your heart. The Lord see's our present
trial, It is hard trial to leave all we hold dear and
that when in bad health as I am but I trust in the
Lord. Reed is here with his family but is not at end of
there journey yet. ^{My} Children be obedient to your dear
mother. I must close. God in Heaven bless you. Be good
to me Elizabeth. God preserve you is the prayer
of your loving husband and father

Farewell. I am well.

~~Montgomery
Grandma, died July 21. 1904. at Hibernia is also
buried in the family plot at Hibernia.~~

5 and wonderful personality.
Life for my father held lots of joy because of his
~~habit~~ habit of painting the clouds with sun shine

but there came one cloud of sorrow that remained
with him until his death. When my mother who had
been his joy and inspiration became ill and died.
after medical help and prayer could not save her.
She died May 19, 1908. I shall never forget the heart
ache and sadness on that beautiful May morning
when my mother left us. Neither will I forget
the tender kindness my father showed to us children
the courage he had in the responsibility of being
both father and mother to a family of children who
anged in age from eighteen months to eighteen years.
my father never married again for he felt his duty
was to us children first. He had a wonderful
memory. good singing voice loved to play his
violin. which I still have. it was made in the
year of 1703.

my father health failed and in May 1925. ^{suffered} ~~suffered~~
- paralytic stroke which made him helpless.
with the help of my husband ^{and} children. and my
brother Albert and Carl. we cared for him until his
death Jan 26, 1930 which occurred at my home in
Midway Utah. never complaining about the hard
hips that he had been through. He had one
half brother John Montgomery that was as
dear to him as his own brother also one
sister Josephine M. Rasband who died in
Salt Lake City. Utah in 1958 - ~~may we have~~ ^{children}
~~children so live that he will be found to~~

The following obituary was published in the Wasatch County News July 29, 1904-

Death of Mary Rogers Rodgers Louny Montgomery.

Mrs. Mary R. L. Montgomery, a notice of whose death and burial, appeared in our last week issue, was a native of Scotland, she was born at Ayrshire Scotland, April 25, 1830. She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1847, and emigrated to Utah in 1862, settling in Heber where she has since resided. Her husband came in the year before to prepare a home for her and her children. She was the first lady teacher in the Sunday School of this Valley. She leaves a host of friends to mourn her loss.

You have the letter from Grandpa to Mary. add it where Robert's history is.

This was written from notes I got from my Father and other papers Feb, 12 and 13, 1978. Rudy Provost